Faith infringed: which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne? how will he spend his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by me.
Bero. Now step I forth to whip Hypocrisie.
Ah good my Liedge, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart, What Grace hast thou thus to reproue
These wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes doe make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
You'll not be periur'd, 'tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a beame doe finde in each of three.
O what a Scene of fool'ry haue I seene.
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene:
O me, with what strict patience haue I sat,
To see a King tranformed to a Gnat?
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Salomon* tuning a Iygge?
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the Boyes,
And *Critticke Timon* laugh at idle toyles.
Where lies thy griefe? O tell me good *Dumaine*;
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the brest:
A Candle hoa!
Kin. Too bitter is thy iest.
Are wee betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber Not you by me, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that hold it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping company
With men, like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see me write a thing in rime?
Or grone for *Ioane?* or spend a minutes time,
In pruning mee, when shall you heare that I will praise a hand, a foote

foot, a face, an eye: a gate, a state, a brow, a brest, a waste, a legge, a limme.
Kin. Soft, Whither a-way so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.
Ber I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Enter Iaquenetta and Clowne.

Iaque. God blesse the King.
Kin. What present hast thou there?
Clow. Some certaine treason.
Kin. What makes treason here?
Clo. Nay it makes nothing sir.
Kin. If it marre nothing neither.
The treason and you goe in peace away together.
Iaque. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person mis-doubts it: it was treason he said.
Kin. Berowne, read it ouer. *He reads the Letter.*
Kin. Where hadst thou it?
Iaque. Of *Costard.*
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of *Dun Adramadio, Dun Adrimadio.*
Kin. How now, what is in you? why dost thou teare it?
Ber. A toy my Liedge, a toy: your grace needes not feare it.
Long. It did moue him to passion, and therefore let's heare it.
Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere is his name.
Ber. Ah you whoreson logger head you were borne to doe me shame.
Guilty my Lord, guilty: I confesse, I confesse.
Kin. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt mee foole, to make vp the messe.
He, he, and you: and you my Liedge, and I,
Are picke-purses in loue, and we deserue to die.
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more.
Dum. Now the number is euen.
Berow. True true, we are foure: will these Turtles be gone
Kin. Hence sirs, away.
Clo. Walk aside the true folke, and let the traytors stay.
Ber. Sweet Lords, sweet Louers, O let vs imbrace,